

PD POETRY – MARCH 2017



Coral Lilies, by Matt Pierard – Copyright 2017

Verse from around the world, some dating back to before the 1200's and going all the way up to 1922 work from the Harlem Renaissance; China, India, France, Colonial America, Great Britain, Spain, and Australia are featured. Anthology by Matt Pierard, Creative Commons Non-Commercial copyright 2017.

I HAD EIGHT BIRDS

Anne Bradstreet



from Project Gutenberg's *Anne Bradstreet and Her Time*, by Helen Campbell

"I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest;
I nurst them up with pain and care,
Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to sing;
Chief of the Brood then took his flight
To Regions far, and left me quite;
My mournful chirps I after send,
Till he return, or I do end;
Leave not thy nest, thy Dam and Sire,
Fly back and sing amidst this Quire.
My second bird did take her flight,
And with her mate flew out of sight;
Southward they both their course did bend,
And Seasons twain they there did spend;
Till after blown by Southern gales,
They Norward steer'd with filled Sayles.
A prettier bird was no where seen,
Along the beach among the treen.

I have a third of colour white
On whom I plac'd no small delight;
Coupled with mate loving and true,
Hath also bid her Dam adieu;
And where Aurora first appears,
She now hath perch'd, to spend her years;
One to the Academy flew
To chat among that learned crew;
Ambition moves still in his breast
That he might chant above the rest,

Striving for more than to do well,
That nightingales he might excell.
My fifth, whose down is yet scarce gone
Is 'mongst the shrubs and bushes flown,
And as his wings increase in strength,
On higher boughs he'l perch at length.
My other three, still with me nest,
Untill they'r grown, then as the rest,
Or here or there, they'l take their flight,
As is ordain'd, so shall they light.
If birds could weep, then would my tears
Let others know what are my fears
Lest this my brood some harm should catch,
And be surpriz'd for want of watch,
Whilst pecking corn, and void of care
They fish un'wares in Fowler's snare;
Or whilst on trees they sit and sing,
Some untoward boy at them do fling;
Or whilst allur'd with bell and glass,
The net be spread, and caught, alas.
Or least by Lime-twigs they be foyl'd,
Or by some greedy hawks be spoyl'd.
O, would my young, ye saw my breast,
And knew what thoughts there sadly rest,
Great was my pain when I you bred,
Great was my care when I you fed,
Long did I keep you soft and warm,
And with my wings kept off all harm;
My cares are more, and fears then ever,
My throbs such now, as 'fore were never;
Alas, my birds, you wisdom want,
Of perils you are ignorant;
Oft times in grass, on trees, in flight,
Sore accidents on you may light.
O, to your safety have an eye,
So happy may you live and die;
Mean while my dayes in tunes I'll spend,
Till my weak layes with me shall end.

In shady woods I'll sit and sing,
And things that past, to mind I'll bring.
Once young and pleasant, as are you,
But former boyes (no joyes) adieu.
My age I will not once lament,
But sing, my time so near is spent.
And from the top bough take my flight,
Into a country beyond sight,
Where old ones, instantly grow young,
And there with Seraphims set song;
No seasons cold, nor storms they see,
But spring lasts to eternity;

When each of you shall in your nest
Among your young ones take your rest,
In chirping language, oft them tell,
You had a Dam that lov'd you well,
That did what could be done for young,
And nurst you up till you were strong,
And 'fore she once would let you fly,
She shew'd you joy and misery;
Taught what was good, and what was ill,
What would save life, and what would kill?
Thus gone, amongst you I may live,
And dead, yet speak, and counsel give;
Farewel, my birds, farewel, adieu,
I happy am, if well with you.

THE LAYE OF THE LADYE OF FAEL

GUIOT DE DIJON

(13th Century)

Internet Archive etext of *Fleur de Lys: French Poetry*, edited by Wilfred Thorley

FOR myne owne courage will I synge
That I maye soothe and strengthen it
;
For spite of all my sufferynge
I will not die nor lose my wit,
Though from that land of heathen shame
No home-come pilgrym I doe meet,
Where nowe he is whose spoken name
Doth make my sad heart wildly beat.
Godde ! when the cry is " Charge amayne !
"

O guard the pilgrym lest he fall
For whom I suffer soe great payne.
For Saracens are felons all.
Until the slowe yeare round shall swynge,
I will endure without assuage.
! safe from peril Godde hym brynge
Back from hys holie pilgrymage.

And, spite of all my kindred saye,
Myne owne true love I will not quit
To cleave unto another claye ;
And mad is he that sayeth it.
Godde! when the cry is " Charge amayne! "
O guard the pilgrym lest he fall
For whom I suffer soe great payne.
For Saracens are felons all.

THE DEAD LEAF

ANTOINE-VINCENT ARNAULT
(1766-1834) [Ibid.]

WAIF in the wind, O where
So swiftly dost thou speed ?
" I nothing know nor heed
Since thunder toppled sheer
The oak-tree whence I hung.
South wind or northern blast.
Soft-voiced or shrill of tongue,
Do drive me onward fast
Who feel nor grief nor fear:
By wood or valley low.
By field or mountain height,
I pass from mortal sight
Where rose and laurel go."



THE TWO ROSES

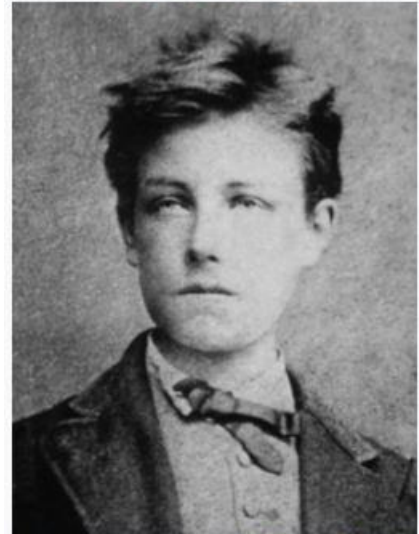
JOSEPHIN SOULARY
(1815-1891)[Ibid.]

YESTREEN beneath the greenery
I found young Rose in tears that shed
Over a little rose's bed
That was less rosy far than she.
,
' Dear heart, what can your trouble be ? "
I asked the little golden-head.
And she replied, '
' Ah, sir, if said
It's secret between you and me!"
" As I was passing by, a rose
—
This same whereon my tears down pour-
Told me this truth in shy soft words,
A bud once blown can never close.

And my fond heart's wide open for
The farmer's boy that drives the herds.

SENSATION
ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Arthur Rimbaud



Rimbaud, aged 17, by Étienne Carjat,
probably taken in December 1871.^[1]

(1851-1891)[Ibid.]

ON sunny summer evenings I shall wander down a
 bridle-path,
The tall corn-blades will fondle me the while I
 tramp the turf;
And dreaming, I shall feel the chilly sweetness on
 my idle path.
And as a wave the wind shall lave my naked brow
 like surf.
I shall not speak a word, no thought shall fill the
 heart or head of me,
But love shall flow and fill my soul with its o'erbrimming
 tide;
And I shall wander far away, a gipsy in the tread of
 me,
As happy there with Nature fair as lover with his
 bride.

DREAMS OLD AND NASCENT

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Amores*, by D. H. Lawrence

OLD

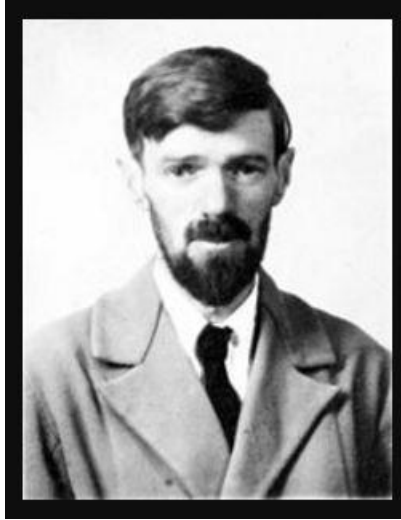
I HAVE opened the window to warm my hands on the
sill
Where the sunlight soaks in the stone: the afternoon
Is full of dreams, my love, the boys are all still
In a wistful dream of Lorna Doone.

The clink of the shunting engines is sharp and fine,
Like savage music striking far off, and there
On the great, uplifted blue palace, lights stir and
shine
Where the glass is domed in the blue, soft air.

There lies the world, my darling, full of wonder and
wistfulness and strange
Recognition and greetings of half-acquaint things, as
I greet the cloud
Of blue palace aloft there, among misty indefinite
dreams that range
At the back of my life's horizon, where the dreamings
of past lives crowd.

Over the nearness of Norwood Hill, through the
mellow veil
Of the afternoon glows to me the old romance of
David and Dora,
With the old, sweet, soothing tears, and laughter
that shakes the sail
Of the ship of the soul over seas where dreamed
dreams lure the unoceaned explorer.

All the bygone, hushèd years
Streaming back where the mist distils
Into forgetfulness: soft-sailing waters where fears
No longer shake, where the silk sail fills
With an unfelt breeze that ebbs over the seas, where
the storm
Of living has passed, on and on
Through the coloured iridescence that swims in the
warm
Wake of the tumult now spent and gone,
Drifts my boat, wistfully lapsing after
The mists of vanishing tears and the echo of laughter.



DREAMS OLD AND NASCENT

NASCENT

MY world is a painted fresco, where coloured shapes
Of old, ineffectual lives linger blurred and warm;
An endless tapestry the past has woven drapes
The halls of my life, compelling my soul to conform.

The surface of dreams is broken,
The picture of the past is shaken and scattered.
Fluent, active figures of men pass along the railway,
and I am woken
From the dreams that the distance flattered.

Along the railway, active figures of men.
They have a secret that stirs in their limbs as they
move
Out of the distance, nearer, commanding my dreamy
world.

Here in the subtle, rounded flesh
Beats the active ecstasy.
In the sudden lifting my eyes, it is clearer,
The fascination of the quick, restless Creator moving
through the mesh
Of men, vibrating in ecstasy through the rounded
flesh.

Oh my boys, bending over your books,
In you is trembling and fusing
The creation of a new-patterned dream, dream of a
generation:
And I watch to see the Creator, the power that

patterns the dream.

The old dreams are beautiful, beloved, soft-toned,
and sure,
But the dream-stuff is molten and moving mysteriously,
Alluring my eyes; for I, am I not also dream-stuff,
Am I not quickening, diffusing myself in the pattern,
shaping and shapen?

Here in my class is the answer for the great yearning:
Eyes where I can watch the swim of old dreams
reflected on the molten metal of dreams,
Watch the stir which is rhythmic and moves them
all as a heart-beat moves the blood,
Here in the swelling flesh the great activity working,
Visible there in the change of eyes and the mobile
features.

Oh the great mystery and fascination of the unseen
Shaper,
The power of the melting, fusing Force--heat,
light, all in one,
Everything great and mysterious in one, swelling and
shaping the dream in the flesh,
As it swells and shapes a bud into blossom.

Oh the terrible ecstasy of the consciousness that I
am life!
Oh the miracle of the whole, the widespread, labouring
concentration
Swelling mankind like one bud to bring forth the
fruit of a dream,
Oh the terror of lifting the innermost I out of the
sweep of the impulse of life,
And watching the great Thing labouring through the
whole round flesh of the world;
And striving to catch a glimpse of the shape of the
coming dream,
As it quickens within the labouring, white-hot metal,
Catch the scent and the colour of the coming dream,
Then to fall back exhausted into the unconscious,
molten life!

PART II.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The House of Dust*, by Conrad Aiken

I.

The round red sun heaves darkly out of the sea.
The walls and towers are warmed and gleam.
Sounds go drowsily up from streets and wharves.
The city stirs like one that is half in dream.

And the mist flows up by dazzling walls and windows,
Where one by one we wake and rise.
We gaze at the pale grey lustrous sea a moment,
We rub the darkness from our eyes,

And face our thousand devious secret mornings . . .
And do not see how the pale mist, slowly ascending,
Shaped by the sun, shines like a white-robed dreamer
Compassionate over our towers bending.

There, like one who gazes into a crystal,
He broods upon our city with sombre eyes;
He sees our secret fears vaguely unfolding,
Sees cloudy symbols shape to rise.

Each gleaming point of light is like a seed
Dilating swiftly to coiling fires.
Each cloud becomes a rapidly dimming face,
Each hurrying face records its strange desires.

We descend our separate stairs toward the day,
Merge in the somnolent mass that fills the street,
Lift our eyes to the soft blue space of sky,
And walk by the well-known walls with accustomed feet.

MY DOVES.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Project Gutenberg's *The Land of Song, Book III*, by Katherine H. Shute

My little doves have left a nest
Upon an Indian tree,
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest
Or motion from the sea;
For, ever there, the sea winds go
With sunlit paces to and fro.



The tropic flowers looked up to it,
The tropic stars looked down,
And there my little doves did sit
With feathers softly brown,
And glittering eyes that showed their right
To gentle Nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close
Of murmuring waves beyond,
And green leaves round to interpose
Their choral voices fond,
Interpreting that love must be
The meaning of the earth and sea.

Fit ministers! Of living loves,
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,
Their living voice the likeliest moves
To lifeless intonation,
The lovely monotone of spring
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away
From that glad nest of theirs,
Across an ocean rolling gray,
And tempest-clouded airs.
My little doves,--who lately knew
The sky and wave by warmth and blue!

And now, within the city prison,
In mist and chillness pent,
With' sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content--
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,
The gold and silver as they clash on
Man's cold metallic heart--
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,--
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,
(Their eyes, with such a plaintive shine,
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone;
For love that stirred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories:
All echoing from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave and wind,
Remembered in their chant, I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream--
More hard, in Babel's street!
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls--let _us_ begin,
Who wear immortal wings within!

To me, fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song,
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away,
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,

For flowers the valley yields!
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent, dewy fields!
My spirit and my God shall be
My seaward hill, my boundless sea.

MY BROOK

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Some Verses*, by Helen Hay

Earth holds no sweeter secret anywhere
Than this my brook, that lisps along the green
Of mossy channels, where slim birch trees lean
Like tall pale ladies whose delicious hair
Lures and invites the kiss of wanton air.
The smooth soft grasses, delicate between
The rougher stalks, by waifs alone are seen,
Shy things that live in sweet seclusion there.
And is it still the same, and do these eyes
Of every silver ripple meet the trees
That bend above like guarding emerald skies?
I turn--who read the city's beggared book
And hear across the moan of many seas
The whisper and the laughter of my brook.

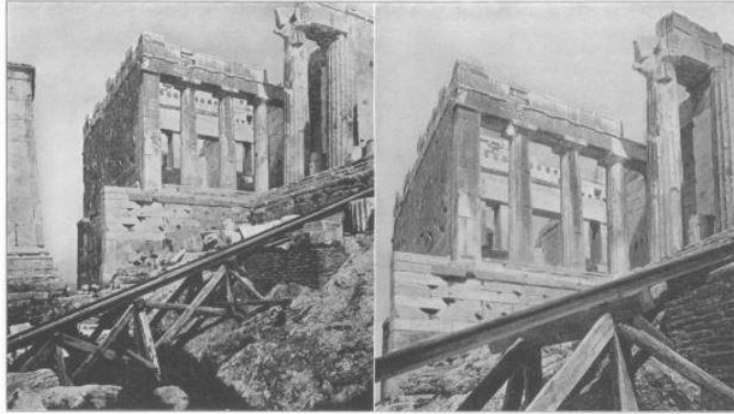


Figure 2

The Pinakothke as seen from the base of the Nike bastion. The Pinakothke as seen from a point near the axis of the roadway through the Propylaea

At left, the pedestal of the monument to Agrippa

Figure 3

The Pinakothke as seen from a point near the axis of the roadway through the Propylaea

A DEAD CITY

Project Gutenberg's *The Star-Treader and other poems*, by Clark Ashton Smith

The twilight reigns above the fallen noon
 Within an ancient land, whose after-time
 Lies like a shadow o'er its ruined prime.
 Like rising mist the night increases soon
 Round shattered palaces, ere yet the moon
 On mute, unsentried walls and turrets climb,
 And touch with whiteness of sepulchral rime
 The desert where a city's bones are strewn.

She comes at last; unburied, thick, they show
 In all the hoary nakedness of stone.
 From out a shadow like the lips of Death
 Issues a wind, that through the stillness blown,
 Cries like a prophet's ghost with wailing breath
 The weards of finished and forgotten woe.

THE DARK HOUSE

Project Gutenberg's *The Sunken Garden and other poems*, by Walter De la Mare

See this house, how dark it is
Beneath its vast-boughed trees!
Not one trembling leaflet cries
To that Watcher in the skies--
'Remove, remove thy searching gaze,
Innocent, of Heaven's ways,
Brood not, Moon, so wildly bright,
On secrets hidden from sight.'

'Secrets,' sighs the night-wind,
'Vacancy is all I find;
Every keyhole I have made
Wail a summons, faint and sad,
No voice ever answers me,
 Only vacancy.'
'Once, once ...' the cricket shrills,
And far and near the quiet fills
With its tiny voice, and then
 Hush falls again.

Mute shadows creeping slow
Mark how the hours go,
Every stone is mouldering slow,
And the least winds that blow
Some minutest atom shake,
Some fretting ruin make
In roof and walls. How black it is
Beneath these thick-boughed trees!

THE WANDERER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Alan Seeger

To see the clouds his spirit yearned toward so
Over new mountains piled and unploughed waves,
Back of old-storied spires and architraves
To watch Arcturus rise or Fomalhaut,

And roused by street-cries in strange tongues when day
Flooded with gold some domed metropolis,
Between new towers to waken and new bliss
Spread on his pillow in a wondrous way:

These were his joys. Oft under bulging crates,
Coming to market with his morning load,
The peasant found him early on his road
To greet the sunrise at the city-gates, --

There where the meadows waken in its rays,
Golden with mist, and the great roads commence,
And backward, where the chimney-tops are dense,
Cathedral-arches glimmer through the haze.

White dunes that breaking show a strip of sea,
A plowman and his team against the blue,
Swiss pastures musical with cowbells, too,
And poplar-lined canals in Picardie,

And coast-towns where the vultures back and forth
Sail in the clear depths of the tropic sky,
And swallows in the sunset where they fly
Over gray Gothic cities in the north,

And the wine-cellar and the chorus there,
The dance-hall and a face among the crowd, --
Were all delights that made him sing aloud
For joy to sojourn in a world so fair.

Back of his footsteps as he journeyed fell
Range after range; ahead blue hills emerged.
Before him tireless to applaud it surged
The sweet interminable spectacle.

And like the west behind a sundown sea
Shone the past joys his memory retraced,
And bright as the blue east he always faced
Beckoned the loves and joys that were to be.

From every branch a blossom for his brow
He gathered, singing down Life's flower-lined road,
And youth impelled his spirit as he strode
Like winged Victory on the galley's prow.

That Loveliness whose being sun and star,
Green Earth and dawn and amber evening robe,
That lamp whereof the opalescent globe
The season's emulative splendors are,

That veiled divinity whose beams transpire
From every pore of universal space,
As the fair soul illumines the lovely face --
That was his guest, his passion, his desire.

His heart the love of Beauty held as hides

One gem most pure a casket of pure gold.
It was too rich a lesser thing to hold;
It was not large enough for aught besides.



THE TROUBLES OF A TRIPLET.

W. Beatty-Kingston.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Humorous Readings and Recitations*, by Various

I am, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth;
A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth.
My lot in life's a gloomy one, I think you will agree;
'Tis bad enough to be a twin--but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than Pa and Ma the bounty claimed;
I scarce can bear to think they did--it makes me feel ashamed,
They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound,
Upon themselves--at least, I know I never had _my_ pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent,
Although I think we more than paid the taxes, and the rent;
For we were shown as marvels, and--unless I'm much deceived--
The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty--would we never had been born!--
As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn.
Between my brothers _Ichabod_, _Abimelech_ and me
No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain
To me in early life--it nearly broke my heart in twain;
For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired,
That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious, too--good deeds were my delight,
I practised all the virtues--some by day and some by night;

Whilst Ichabod imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say,
Abimelech, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the Park at noon,
An obvious burglar greeted me with, "Hullo, Ike, old coon!"
He vanished. Suddenly my wrists were gripped by Policeman X----,
"Young man, you are my prisoner on a charge of forgin' cheques."

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell,
The reason why he used me thus, alas! I know too well.
He took me for Abimelech, my erring brother dear,
Who was "wanted" by the Bank of which he'd been the chief cashier.

Next morn the magistrate remarked, "This is a sad mistake,
Though natural enough, I much regret it for your sake;
But if you will permit me to advise you, I should say
Leave England for some other country, very far away.

"For if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle,
Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from guile,
Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will lead,
I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed."

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee,--
As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea.
A Pirate Lugger picked me up, and--dreadful to relate--
Abimelech her captain was, and Ichabod her mate.

I loved them and they tempted me. To join them I agreed,
Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed.
For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures' gore,
And then gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers on retiring from the buccaneering trade,
In which, I'm bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made,
Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely wives,
Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sanctimonious lives.

As for me,--I somehow drifted into vileness past belief,
Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief;
E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me: I became extremely poor,
And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale, no lower can I sink;
Upon the whole, experience induces me to think
That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty's all fudge,--
For Ichabod's a Bishop--and Abimelech's a Judge!

(From "PUNCH," by permission of the Proprietors.)

ON ASCENDING THE NORTH TOWER ONE AUTUMN DAY

The Internet Archive e-text of

The Works of Li Po, Chinese Poet, translated by Shigeyoshi Obata

The waterside city stands as in a picture scroll.
The sky is lucid above the mountain shrouded in
evening gloom,
While the waters on either hand shine like mirrors;
Two painted bridges span them like rainbows dropt
from the sky.
The smoke from the cottages curls up around the citron
trees,
And the hues of late autumn are on the green paulownias.
Who ever dreamed of my coming hither to the North
Tower
To brood over the memory of Prince Hsieh, while the
wind blows in my face?

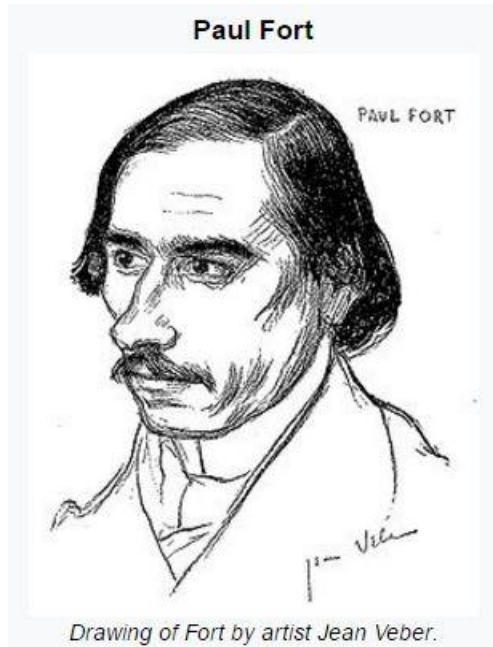
from the Internet Archive e-text of **LOVE IN HINDU LITERATURE**
by Benoy Kumar Sarkar

Vidyapati



is the very well of sensual enjoyment, of beauty and joy, and of the sweets of this earth. The following is a picture of his "thing of beauty" :

" Gainlier than a royal olifant, more graceful than the swan,
She goes to keep her tryst:
Her glorious body far surpasses any golden bud,
Or flawless flash of lightning.
Her tresses far surpass the clouds, the night the yak.
Or bees or moss :
Her eye-brow-tendril set on a crescent brow,
surpasses
Bow and bees and snakes.
Her face excels the golden mirror, the moon,
the lily,
Her lips the bimba fruit and coral :
Her teeth surpass the pearl, the jasmine and the
granate seed,
Her neck the figure of the conch.
Her beauteous breasts surpass the honey-apple,
or cymbals twain.
Or golden jars, mountains, or goblets :
Her arms excel the lotus-root and jungle-rope.
Her waist the drum's and lion's,
Softer than moss her vine of down and darker
than the surm.
The triple folds are lovelier than rolling waves :
Her navel far surpasses any lake, or louts-leaves.
Her buttocks, head of olifant.
Her thighs excel the plantain stem, or trunk of
royal olifant.
Her hands and feet, the lotus of the land :
Her nails surpass pomegranate seeds, the moon,
or gems.
Her speech is more than nectar-sweet.
Says Vidyapati : her shape is unsurpassed,
Peerless is Radha's beauty."



HYMN TO THE SEA.

from the Internet Archive e-text of *Selected Poems and Ballads* of Paul Fort

Great Sea, too much have fools impugned your empire's might, boasting
your random powers in mutual combat fight! Great Sea, whose
flashing fire and roaring bolts are hurled when you would fain reflect
the turmoil of the world

!

Ah, do your thoughts recall of storied Greece or Rome the fleets engulfed
like lead to rest beneath your foam? Before and since that day
where sail man's swift triremes? The Argo, Spanish galleons, gone like
forgotten dreams,
the shattered galleys, bent above your mirror's gloom, which, with
uplifted prow, were sucked beneath your flood? The ships submerged,
once more your mirrors, filled with blood, united, of great names the alleffacing
tomb.

Can nothing mortal. Sea, afford the life you crave and calm the thirst
for heaven of your drunk mirrors vast? Is it the Other World you most
reflect at last to appease the bounding glass of your insatiate wave?
'Tis at the heaven's high verge that tempests tire and cease, upreared
like soaring Hope in the trembling azure air. 'Tis when, at the planet's
call, towards the white clouds you fare that, in reflecting them, you
dream of love and peace.

In freshets of the Spring, flood your confining bars, and through pale
wastes of space mount frenziedly on high to where the sea of Chaos,
on far shores of the sky, deposits evermore the infinite salt of stars.

ALFONSO, DRESSING TO WAIT AT TABLE

from Internet Archive e-text *Harlem Shadows*, by Claude McKay



Alfonso is a handsome bronze-hued lad
Of subtly-changing and surprising parts;
His moods are storms that frighten and make
glad,
His eyes were made to capture women's hearts.
Down in the glory-hole Alfonso sings
An olden song of wine and clinking glasses
And riotous rakes; magnificently flings
Gay kisses to imaginary lasses.
Alfonso's voice of mellow music thrills
Our swaying forms and steals our hearts with
joy;
And when he soars, his fine falsetto trills
Are rarest notes of gold without alloy.
But, O Alfonso! wherefore do you sing
Dream-songs of carefree men and ancient
places?
Soon we shall be beset by clamouring
Of hungry and importunate palefaces.

PORTFOLIO: MOONSET.

Richard W. Griswold.

from GoogleBooks e-text of *The Yale Literary Magazine*, October 1919

There was a wind ; but at this ghostly hour
It has grown still, and in the early morning hush—
All natural and human life at lowest ebb—
I Remains the tumult of a thousand marshy voices—
Distinct, yet melting (soft as muted hunting-horns)
Into each other's endless drowsy murmurings :
Tree-toads and turtles and the life, of woods at night.
There was a wind; but there is no wind now.
I had a fire; and glorying in its warmth
I sat and watched, and smoked my dingy pipe.
Watched while the snapping pyre of hickory
Flamed upwards gleefully, as if to reach
Its brother bending green-clad fingers from above.
But pipe-smoke, flames, and piping frogs—bring dreams.
I drowsed awhile, forgetting to pile on more wood.
There was a fire ; but there is no fire now.
There was a moon; it sifted filtered light
Through shifting branches—made the low-hung, whispering leaves
Roof of a silver faeryland ; while here and there
A timid star pallidly trembled through the screen.
But silver now turns grey; the fire grey; the stars grey;
And grayish phantom-mists rise cold from the garrulous marsh.
And, threatening dawn, the bark of dogs in the West, where
There was a moon ; but there is no moon now.



Edward JMD Plunkett
Lord Dunsany (18th Baron)

TO DUNSANY.

From HARRY KEMP.

GoogleBooks e-text of *The Greenwich Village Quill*, Nov. 1919

Mankind went mad with microscope in hand;
All Life was their cadaver to dissect;
They broke the Rose with serene disrespect,
And swore 't was rocks and dirt that made the
land. . . .
Yea, the Great Dream no longer held command
That we, as Sons Of God, should walk erect,
Cease stammering in obscure dialect
And talk the starry things His Wonder planned.
Then you Apostle to this Wonder came:
Once more its thousand banners walked the air
Brightening onward to renewing wars . . .
Once more the heavenly watchfires bloomed in
flame .
Good men again found armour in a prayer
Our earth, once more a star, rejoined the stars.

SUMMER FLOWERS, A CITIZEN'S LAMENT.

Anonymous

from Project Gutenberg's

The Irish Penny Journal Vol. 1 No. 5, 1840, by Various

Away with summer flow'rs,
Twine not the wreath for me,
Unbind the myrtle from the rose,
And pansy, emblem of repose,
Far let them scattered be;
The best, the loveliest, let them part,
Their very sweetness breaks my heart.

Away with summer flow'rs,
Let sunshine cease to glow,
Bring back the days of sombre hue,
And heav'n without a glimpse of blue,
And earth in vest of snow.
Then weave the green perfuméd bough
In fadeless verdure for my brow.

To see the length'ning days,
To feel the glowing hours,
As step by step, the smiling spring
Steals on her bright and glorious wing,

And strews our path with flow'rs;
This may be joy, but me it sends
Warnings of banishment to friends.

Soon as the rose's bloom
Breaks up the social tie,
And those whom winter gather'd round
The cheering hearth, no more are found,
But east and west they fly;
Some roam the mountain, some the deep,
But, ah! leave those at home to weep.

'Midst winter's sullen blast,
How many a friendly band
Cheered the dark moments as they passed,
And bid me think they fled too fast
While circled hand in hand;
But summer breaks the charming spell,
And makes me feel, I lov'd too well!

Now, 'midst the fairest glow,
The scene with clouds is drear,
And _empty_ mansions crowd the street,
No hand to beckon, eye to greet,
Or friendly voice to cheer;
The colony of love is shaken,
And summer leaves our hall forsaken!

Away, then, summer flowers!
Thou glowing rose, away!
Come let me wreath the gloomy bowers
With cypress bathed in stormy showers,
Where sunbeams never stray;
But let the flow'r of _snowy_ crest
Impart its chillness to my breast.

JESSIE LEE

WILLIAM BARNES (1800-1886)

Project Gutenberg EBook of *Library Of The World's Best Literature, Ancient And Modern, Vol 4*, edited by Charles Dudley Warner

Above the timber's bendèn sh'ouds,
The western wind did softly blow;
An' up avore the knap, the clouds
Did ride as white as driven snow.
Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim

Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim';
Vrom west to east the stream did glide,
A sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

How feàir, I thought, avore the sky
The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look;
How soft the win's a-streamèn by;
How bright do roll the weävy brook:
When there, a-passèn on my right,
A-walkèn slow, an' treadèn light,
Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer the looks her feäce
Held up avore the western sky:
An' comely wer the steps her peäce
Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by:
But I went east, wi' beatèn breast,
Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,
Wi' rest a-lost, vor Jessie gone
So lovely on, toward the west.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;
Zwim on, O clouds; O waters vall,
Down maeshy rocks, vrom mill to mill:
I now can overlook ye all.
But roll, O zun, an' bring to me
My day, if such a day there be,
When zome dear path to my abode
Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.



TO ENARDA.--I. & II.
Gaspar Melchor De Jovellanos

from Project Gutenberg's
Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain, by James Kennedy

TO ENARDA.--I.

Lovely Enarda! young and old
All quarrel with me daily:
Because I write to thee they scold,
Perhaps sweet verses gaily.

“A judge should be more grave,” they say,
As each my song accuses;
“From such pursuits should turn away
As trifling with the Muses.”

“How wofully you waste your time!”
Preach others; but, all slighting,
The more they scold, the more I rhyme;
Still I must keep on writing.

Enarda’s heart and mind to praise,
All others far excelling,
My rustic pipe its note shall raise,
In well-toned measures telling.

I wish, extolling to the skies,
Her beauty’s high perfection
To sing, and all her witcheries
Of feature and complexion:

With master pencil to portray
Her snowy neck and forehead,
And eyes that round so roguish play,
And lips like carmine florid.

And let the Catos go at will,
To where they most prefer it,
Who withering frowns and sneerings still
Give me for my demerit.

In spite of all, with wrinkled pate,
The censures each rehearses,
Enarda I will celebrate
For ever in my verses.

TO ENARDA.--II.

Cruel Enarda! all in vain,
In vain, thou view’st with joyful eyes

The tears that show my grief and pain,
Thyself exulting in my sighs.

The burning tears that bathe my cheek,
With watching shrunk, with sorrow pale,
Thy lightness and caprice bespeak,
Thy guilt and perfidy bewail.

Those signs of sorrow, on my face,
Are not the obsequies portray'd
Of a lost good, nor yet the trace
Of tribute to thy beauties paid.

They are the evidence alone
There fix'd thy falsehood to proclaim;
Of thy deceits the horror shown,
Of my delirium the shame.

I weep not now thy rigours o'er,
Nor feel regret, that lost to me
Are the returns, which false before
Thou gavest, or favours faithlessly.

I weep o'er my delusions blind;
I mourn the sacrifices made,
And incense to a god unkind
On an unworthy altar laid.

I weep the memory o'er debased
Of my captivity to mourn,
And all the weight and shame disgraced
Of such vile fetters to have borne.

Ever to my lorn mind return'd
Are thoughts of homage offer'd ill,
Disdains ill borne, affection spurn'd,
And sighs condemn'd, recurring still.

Then, ah, Enarda! all in vain
Thou think'st to please thee with my grief:
Love, who now looks on me again
With eyes of pity and relief,

A thousand times has me accost,
As thus my tears to censure now,
"To lose them thou hast nothing lost;
Poor creature! why then weepest thou?"

SPECIAL PLEADING

from the Project Gutenberg Etext of *The Poems of Sidney Lanier*

Time, hurry my Love to me:
Haste, haste! Lov'st not good company?
Here's but a heart-break sandy waste
'Twixt Now and Then. Why, killing haste
Were best, dear Time, for thee, for thee!

Oh, would that I might divine
Thy name beyond the zodiac sign
Wherefrom our times-to-come descend.
He called thee 'Sometime'. Change it, friend:
'Now-time' sounds so much more fine!

Sweet Sometime, fly fast to me:
Poor Now-time sits in the Lonesome-tree
And broods as gray as any dove,
And calls, 'When wilt thou come, O Love?'
And pleads across the waste to thee.

Good Moment, that giv'st him me,
Wast ever in love? Maybe, maybe
Thou'lt be this heavenly velvet time
When Day and Night as rhyme and rhyme
Set lip to lip dusk-modestly;

Or haply some noon afar,
-- O life's top bud, mixt rose and star,
How ever can thine utmost sweet
Be star-consummate, rose-complete,
Till thy rich reds full opened are?

Well, be it dusk-time or noon-time,
I ask but one small boon, Time:
Come thou in night, come thou in day,
I care not, I care not: have thine own way,
But only, but only, come soon, Time.

Baltimore, 1875.

GOOD-NIGHT

Mary Gilmore

from The Project Gutenberg Etext of *An Anthology of Australian Verse*

Good-night! . . . my darling sleeps so sound
She cannot hear me where she lies;
White lilies watch the closed eyes,
Red roses guard the folded hands.

Good-night! O woman who once lay
Upon my breast, so still, so sweet
That all my pulses, throbbing, beat
And flamed -- I cannot touch you now.

Good-night, my own! God knows we loved
So well, that all things else seemed slight --
We part forever in the night,
We two poor souls who loved so well.



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